

The Middletown Transcript.

VOL. XXVI.—NO. 4.

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 28, 1893.

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THE WEEK IN SOCIETY.

THE JANUARY WEDDINGS STILL CONTINUE.

The Chaperon—The Ball Where She Must Be and Dances She May Cut. Invitations for the week have been—Society Notes.

When is chaperonage absolutely necessary, and when may it be dispensed with? When is it of real service, and when is it nothing but a relic of the past? An authoritative English publication answers that in these days of progress it is well to recognize where the line may be, and is, discreetly drawn as regards chaperons. At large invitation balls, subscription balls, charity balls—in fact, at all public balls and at all invitation balls given on a large scale—chaperonage is imperative, and is both a protection and an assistance.

Naturally, the best chaperonage for a daughter or daughters is that of a mother or of a father, while that of a married sister almost equals, and then steps in that very large class of chaperons known as intimate friends and acquaintances.

Where may chaperonage be dispensed with? Well, at dances, large and small, where it is understood that chaperons are not invited with young ladies. No mothers, no aunts, no married sisters—young people only. The advantages of giving dances on these lines are numerous. To wit: mothers and chaperons are pleased not to be obliged to take their daughters to a dance where space for dancing is limited, where the rooms are small and where they—the chaperons—help to overcrowd them, say forty chaperons to eighty girls, the numbers are overwhelming, and even when a drawing-room is set apart for their use still overweight the dancers.

Again chaperons require supper and men to take them in to supper, and this is a serious consideration when a dance is to be given, and swells the expenses considerably. At dances to which chaperons are not asked the ball supper is not a feature. The supper of the simplest character, and oftener still light refreshments only are provided. Dancing begins at 9 and terminates between 12 and 1. These dances are chiefly given for the amusement of young girls who are just out. The guests, however, are not limited to this particular age, but include all who are still in the dancing age, whatever that may be. With some it ceases to be very early, with others it is prolonged indefinitely.

Dances without chaperons are quite distinct from the orthodox dances—almost little balls in their way—not given for young girls only, but for general society, which includes married couples young enough to dance, mothers with daughters, and all on the visiting list of the giver whom it is considered advisable to invite.

GOLDEN WEDDING.

Former Middletown Residents Celebrate Their Half Century of Wedded Life.

Mr. and Mrs. F. P. VanHekle, who reside near Delaware City, celebrated their golden wedding on January 19. Together with the anniversary there was a family reunion, and the children of Mr. and Mrs. VanHekle from Philadelphia, Port Penn, St. George's and Canton, Missouri, came to gladden the hearts of their parents in the declining years. There were many handsome and costly presents presented to the couple.

Mr. and Mrs. VanHekle formerly resided in Middletown, and are well known to many of our readers. They retain excellent health, and have raised a large family of children around them among whom were present: T. W. Bucke and wife, G. W. Haslet and daughter, J. C. VanHekle and wife, C. T. VanHekle and wife, and C. A. Cleaver and wife, of Philadelphia; C. N. Barrett and wife, Canton, Missouri; F. P. VanHekle, Jr., and wife, Port Penn; J. W. Carrow and wife, St. George's, and 17 grand children.

HARRIS-BECK WEDDING.

A Baltimorean Captures a Chestertown Belle.

The Episcopal Church at Chestertown was the scene of a pretty wedding on Wednesday, the occasion being the marriage of Miss Harriett R. Beck, of Chestertown, to Mr. Allen Harris, of Baltimore. The church was beautifully adorned with arches of holly and myrtle which spanned the chancel where a marriage bell was suspended. The ushers were W. W. Beck, Stevenson Constable, Lewen W. Wickes, Eben Perkins, of Chestertown; Hopper Gibson, of Centerville, and W. H. Hodges, of Baltimore. The bride entered the church with her father, preceded by her sister, Miss Mary Beck, and was met at the altar by the groom with the best man, Dr. C. P. Gilpin. The beautiful and impressive ceremony of the Episcopal Church was performed by the Rev. S. C. Roberts. The bride wore a wedding gown of mauve colored broad cloth with velvet trimmings, hat and gloves to match, and carried a large bouquet. After the knot was tied the newly-wedded pair, with a few intimate friends, were driven to the residence of the bride's parents where a luncheon was served, after which they took the afternoon train for an extended bridal trip.

Wedding Bells.

The marriage of Miss Susie Phillips and Harry C. Stevens was solemnized at Cavalry

M. E. Church, Sudlersville, on Wednesday evening.

Miss Ruth Eskridge, of Laurel, and Captain William Sauerhoff, of Bethel, were married on Tuesday evening.

Joseph M. Brown and Miss Sadie E. Wilson, were married at the M. E. Church, Hillsborough, on Wednesday, at 6 o'clock p. m.

Deputy Sheriff T. Frank Seward and Miss Katie Milby were married, on Wednesday morning at 7 o'clock, at the Methodist Protestant Church, Centerville.

There was a quiet wedding at Galena on January 16th, N. Huey was married to Miss Sallie Meredith at 7 o'clock a. m., at the home of the bride's parents. Rev. Mr. Nelson officiated.

Miss Mary E. Gale, of Easton, Md., was married on Thursday of this week to Francis J. Henry, of Elkton. The ceremony was performed in Trinity Cathedral at the former place.

Cards have been issued announcing the marriage of Mr. William Frazier R.ssel and Miss Allie E. Shuster, at Christ M. P. Church, Chestertown, by Rev. D. L. Greenfield, at 11 o'clock Wednesday morning, February 1, 1893.

Winfield Keiser, son of Jonas Keiser, and Mrs. Smith, daughter of the late Dr. Hitchens, both parties living at Fleming's Landing, were married on January 14th, by the Rev. R. K. Stephenson. Mr. Keiser has been engaged for several years for Forepaugh's circus, but will hereafter give attention to farming on Mrs. Smith's fine farm.

Mr. David E. Morford, formerly of Snow Hill, Md., now of San Diego, Cal., was married to Miss Ellen Thompson, of that city, on the 15th instant. Mr. Morford is a nephew of Mr. Samuel H. Townsend, of Snow Hill, and a cousin of Miss Emma Howard Wight, the Baltimore authoress.

On Wednesday evening of last week, Miss Emma J. Warrington, daughter of George E. Warrington, of Easton, was married to John R. Nichols, of Federburg, by Rev. J. M. Sheridale. The wedding was at the residence of the bride's father. The bride wore a traveling dress of Henrietta cloth. Mr. and Mrs. Nichols will live in Easton.

Miss Gertrude May Truitt, daughter of Zedekiah Truitt, of Worcester county, Md., was married on Wednesday to Mr. T. Ernest Holloway, of Salisbury, by Rev. J. S. Poulson. The ceremony took place in the Old School Baptist Meeting-house and was witnessed by about 400 people. Mr. Harry Dennis, of Salisbury, was best man. The ushers were Louis Holloway, brother of the groom, and Messrs. Charles Timmons and H. Clay Burage.

AFTERNOON TEAS.

An Unusual and Brilliant Mid-Winter in Chestertown Society.

Chestertown has never known a season of more delightful social pleasures, says the Chestertown Transcript. No queenly roves have rendered the atmosphere fragrant with perfume, but the dainty buds of afternoon tea and card parties have rendered the hours redolent with beauty and brightness. The Misses Jennie and Katie Hines plucked the first of these wayward flowers, and placed it in the vase arranged for the dainty collection. Theirs was, possibly, one of the most elaborate and most charmingly arranged progressive euchre party ever given in the town. Beautiful prizes rewarded not only the skill, but a lack of skill of the players. The young ladies made charming hostesses, and the occasion was one well deserving the honor of being the winter queen to be followed by a retinue of not less charming subjects.

Then came the orange tea of the Misses Hallie and Mary Beck, given to Mrs. LaDuc and Miss Barrenger, of Philadelphia, the friends and guests of Miss Rebecca Wickes. This was a delightful affair in its every appointment, and its brightness and beauty was participated in, possibly, by a greater number of persons than had ever been present on a similar occasion in the town. Mrs. LaDuc, Miss Barrenger, the Misses Hallie and Mary Beck, Mrs. Horace Beck, Mrs. Spencer Harris, the Misses Jennie and Katie Hines, Miss Ellen Fisher, Miss Idell Baker, Miss Rebecca Wickes and Miss Nellie Walker, all in evening dress, received. The larger but less brilliant gems of creati n, the gentlemen, were not admitted.

Next on the delightful programme was the dainty contribution of Dr. C. P. Gilpin, at his beautiful parlors on Main street, on Friday evening, from 7 to 9 o'clock, in the form of a reception. Bright flashes of beauty marked every arrangement, and the occasion was one of charming pleasure and brilliancy. The receivers, all in eve-

ning dress, were: Dr. C. P. Gilpin and Mrs. LaDuc, William Beck and Mrs. Bunting, Dr. Stites and Miss Katie Hines, Lewen W. Wickes and Miss Jennie Hines, Eben F. Perkins, Jr., and Miss Mary Beck.

The social banquet was perfected on Saturday afternoon, in the superb orange tea of Miss Idell Baker, given in honor of her friend and guest, Miss Murphy, of New York, from 4 to 6 o'clock. For beauty of conception and elegance in every arrangement, Miss Baker's tea was a magnificent ideal. The poetry of the beautiful social flower was given out in its richness and beauty, and was enjoyed by a large number of callers. Miss Murphy, Miss Hallie Beck and Miss Baker standing in front of a beautiful bank of lilies and ferns, received. Miss Constable, of Baltimore; Miss Anna Brown, Miss Mary Beck, Miss Ellen Fisher, Miss Nellie Walker and Mrs. John D. Uri, presided at the tables. The table was universally declared to be a simple dream of beauty resting under a flood of golden light sifted through orange colored shades. A pyramid of flowers stood in the centre of the table, while from each corner broad streamers of ribbon led to a central point in the ceiling.

SOCIETY AT STILL POND.

Enjoy Their Annual Dance—A Brilliant Event.

The society event in Kent last week was the annual ball of the young men of Still Pond. Julia's orchestra furnished the music, to which about 30 couple skipped the light fantastic until the moon had sunk to rest behind the clouds. Those who enjoyed the event were:

Mr. H. Massey and Miss Blanche Hackett, of Sudlersville; Richard Duckett, and Samuel Emory, Centerville; from Chestertown, Mr. and Mrs. Carole C. Perkins, Misses Belle Aldridge, Daisy and Annie Brice, Veve Perkins, George Brice, Dr. George Perkins, Harry Busick; Millington, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Comery; Georgetown, Miss Schofield, Miss Katie Woodall, Miss Laura Jones; Leont George, Mrs. J. H. Kelley, Woodland and Clifton Hunt, W. R. Crow; Edesville, Misses Strong, Mr. Strong, Miss Jessop, Mr. and Mrs. Bert DeCorse; Melilot, Mrs. Mollie and Tenie Alrich, the Messrs. Alrich, Miss Mamie Catlin, Romie Skirven, James G. Beck, Harry Willis, Jesse Ustlin; Still Pond, Misses Gullie Parrott, Sadie Burge, May Price, May Parrott, Helen and Ethel Covington, Sue and Josephine Jones, the Misses Harding; W. R. Price, George C. Howard, Howard Turner, George E. Parrott, John B. Parrott, Bayard Stavelly, Howard Parrott, H. T. Jones, James G. Harris, Carson Harris, Eugene Bonwill, Misses Lulu and Fannie Bonwill; Galena, Frank McCauley, Miss McCauley, Dennis Nolan; Kennedyville, L. C. Justice, Jr., Miss Della Justice, Miss Dewees; Miss Moore, Greensborough; William Bell, J. E. Richardson, W. C. Brown, of Chestertown; Fletcher Cawk, Eben Clark, John Stokes and W. B. Stephens, were also present.

Tea Party.

A very pleasant little tea party was given as a birthday surprise to Mrs. M. A. Morton, by her daughters Miss Bessie and Mrs. Helen Moffin on Tuesday, at their home on Green street. Only a few of her most intimate friends were present, among them were Dr. and Mrs. G. H. Chamberlaine, Mr. and Mrs. N. Burris, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Lockwood and Miss Ada Lockwood. After supper, which was beautifully served and much enjoyed, a delightful hour was spent in pleasant reminiscences of some three score years and ten, and though the frosts of nearly 70 winters have left their trace upon the silvery hair of the hostess, there is yet enough of sunshine in her soul to baffle the wintry blasts of time, and in spite of the accumulating cares of years, her bright eyes and cheery tones were the chief attraction of the little company. The pleasant evening will long be remembered by those present.

Surprised Their Pastor.

Dr. T. E. Martindale, pastor of the M. E. Church in New Castle, was visited by a number of his parishioners on Saturday evening, and presented with a very handsome couch. His surprise was not greater than his pleasure, in which all present shared. The New Castle people are not slow to express their appreciation of their pastor, preacher and friend, a three fold office which Dr. Martindale so perfectly fills.

House Burned.

A dwelling occupied by a colored family near Clayton, on the road to Smyrna, was burned about 7.30 o'clock on Tuesday evening. The fire originated in some straw in the loft, and if water had been brought, instead of having to be brought from the "Barnard Sweeney" property on the opposite side of the road, it might have been easily extinguished. Loss about \$200; no insurance.

Advertised Letters.

List of unclaimed letter at the Post Office, Middletown, Delaware, which can be had by saying they are advertised: Mr. Samuel T. Pierce, Master Herman Van Horn, Miss Georgeanne Williams, Mrs. Amanda L. Jones, Mr. E. Hamilton and Miss Florence Comon.

A. M. Chamberlaine, the druggist, claims to have the finest and best article ever used by ladies for cleaning kid gloves. It is not a liquid; is easily used, and works like a charm.

DAMON LODGE BANQUET.

OUR PYTHIAN BROTHERS AROUND THE FESTAL BOARD.

The Twenty-Second Anniversary of Damon Lodge Celebrated by a Colation at Maxwell's National Hotel—Installation Exercises by the Grand Officers.

Wednesday evening was a red-letter day in the annals of Damon Lodge, No. 12, Knights of Pythias, of Middletown.

It marked the twenty-second anniversary of the organization in this place, and the intervening years have been fraught with prosperity. From the few men whose names appeared on the charter, Damon Lodge has sprung into prominence, has increased in membership, and is to-day one of the most successful and prosperous Lodges of the order in the States of Delaware. Many of its members have risen from the ranks, and have been chosen to prominent offices in the grand lodge.

The officers of Damon Lodge were installed by the following officers of the Grand Lodge of Delaware: G. C. Samuel F. Marshall; G. V. C. William T. Lincoln; P. G. C. William A. Mullen as G. P.; G. M. C. Lemuel Marr; G. M. at A., R. H. Williams; G. I. G. John H. Scott; G. O. G. Joseph C. Jolls. The officers installed were: P. C., H. Lightcap; C. O., William Francis; P. John P. McIntyre; M. of Ex., L. B. Lee; M. of F., Garrett Ellis; K. R. and S. Joseph C. Jolls; M. at A., A. S. Sparks; I. Y., George W. Price; O. Y., S. A. Fortner; Rep., Joseph C. Jolls.

Among other visitors were: Supreme Representative, William Simmons; Representative, James E. Tucker; P. C., Joseph Cash; P. C., A. W. Turner; P. C., W. H. Wiswall; H. B. Wallace and H. Williams. After the work of installation the members of Damon Lodge and their guests adjourned to the National Hotel, where nine host Maxwell had prepared a tempting repast, which did credit to that gentleman and his estimable lady. Plates were laid for 52, and the boys did ample justice to the following menu:

Fried.	OYSTERS.	Raw.
COLD DISHES.		
Cold Turkey, Cranberry Sauce		
Cold Tongue.		
SALADS.		
Chicken.		Saratoga Chips.
Wild Duck.		Game.
Terrapin, A La Maxwell.		Colony.
Worcestershire Sauce.		RELISHES.
Mixed Pickles.		
Ketchup.		
DESSERT.		
Vanilla Cream.		Pineapple Cream.
Mixed Cakes.		Fruits, Nuts.
Tea.		Raisins.
Coffee.		

CHURCH NOTES.

The rector of St. Anne's, Rev. Joseph Beers, will preach a sermon in memorial of Bishop Phillips Brooks, on to-morrow, Sunday, at the 2.30 service. The new Catholic church at Centerville, Md., was dedicated on Wednesday. Bishop Curtis of Wilmington officiated, assisted by a number of priests. The music for the occasion, which was very fine, was furnished by the choir of St. Peter's Church at Wilmington. The edifice is of a very neat structure, with stained glass windows, ceiling and pews of Georgia pine finished in oil, and has a seating capacity of about 300.

Moody and Sankey, the great revivalists are attracting the multitudes, and they're thousands daily in attendance at their meetings at the Rink in Wilmington. There are both afternoon and evening meetings, but the crowds are often too great to find an entrance, and overflow meetings are held in neighboring churches. A number of our people have availed themselves of the opportunity of hearing these great evangelists, and many more will do so ere the meetings close. They will remain in Wilmington another week.

The revival meetings at the M. E. Church are still in progress, and continue to grow in interest. The attendance during the past week has been larger than at any previous time, and several nights the lecture room was not sufficient to accommodate all who came. Rev. Wm. Galloway, who is still assisting the pastor, has been able to reach many classes of people, and the church has been quickened, sinners converted, and a genuine revival of religion is the result. But there are still many lives untouched by religious influences, and there is yet much work to be done. Presiding Elder Rev. Alfred Smith preached on Wednesday night to a large and interested audience, and his many friends were glad to hear his familiar voice in exhortation.

Fighting Tomato Cannery.

Fruitland Grange, No. 16, Patrons of Husbandry, of Camden, Del., have passed resolutions against tomato canners as follows:

WHEREAS, The price paid per ton for tomatoes by canners of this county is less than we can afford to grow them, and less than the price of the canned products would seem to require, therefore

Resolved, That we will not contract for the delivery of any tomatoes grown by us at any of the canning factories of this county for 1893 for less than \$6 per ton.

It was Another Nosegay.

It was a sweet little nosegay that came to us with a business letter this week. We will share its perfume with our readers. This is the note: "Allow me to congratulate you on the great improvements in the TRANSCRIPT, its different style of make up, tone, variety, etc. We enjoy the entire change of your spiky paper."

A QUAIN INVITATION.

But It Had the Effect of Filling the Handsome Parlors of Mrs. Naudain on Thursday Evening.

"Kum Take Tee With Us"

Read the transparency over the door of the residence of G. W. W. Naudain, on Thursday evening, as an invitation to the lovers of good things to eat, it being the occasion of the second of those pleasurable events given by the Young Ladies' Mission Band of Forest Presbyterian Church, from the proceeds of which it is designed to furnish new lights for the church.

It was a worthy object and right nobly did our citizens respond to the invitation, and the spacious parlors of the handsome residence in which the "Winter Tea" was held, were thronged with ladies and gentlemen the whole evening.

Pretty little tables decorated with handsome white cloths, and presided over by pretty young ladies could not fail to tempt even a bachelor's appetite, and the chicken salad, oysters and "kisses" disappeared, while the treasury of the band was correspondingly supplied with the silver pieces given in exchange for the delicacies. Everybody enjoyed the music also, which was indeed grand, and lured one's thoughts from the everyday turmoil of life to a higher sphere. This part of the entertainment was rendered by Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Maxwell, Miss Helen Naudain, Miss Lizzie Hall and Mr. George Price.

The prettily dressed young ladies whose smiling countenances beamed on the visitors as they flitted about from table to table presented an animated scene. They were Misses Myrtle Hudson, Engenie Beaten, Edith Reynolds, Bessie Reynolds, Mary Cochran, Viola Ennis, Martha Heston, Lidia Echenhofer, Frances Green, Helen Naudain, Mary Rothwell, Mary Lipincott, Mrs. A. M. Brown and Mrs. W. P. Milfin. The sum tendered was \$39, which added to that made on a former occasion, makes a total of \$50.

Holidays of 1893.

Lent begins February 15th and ends with Easter Sunday, April 2d. Washington's Birthday, February 22d, is on Wednesday; inauguration of the President, Saturday, March 4th; St. Patrick's, March 17th, on Friday; Fourth of July on Tuesday; Labor Day, Monday, September 4th; Christmas, December 25th, on Monday.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

Miss Allie McKee returned to Baltimore on Monday.

Postmaster A. G. Cox is confined to his bed with a severe cold.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Cowgill Alston are visiting Philadelphia friends.

Mr. Francis Lake, of near Chesapeake City, was in town on Wednesday.

Miss Purnell, of Philadelphia, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Edwin Prettyman.

Mr. W. Irving Walker, of Baltimore, was in town the early part of the week.

Mrs. J. W. Jolls visited the family of Rev. R. H. Adams at Dover this week.

John M. Naudain and family, of Baltimore, are visiting Middletown friends.

Mr. Louis Barnard has accepted a position with Mr. G. E. Hukill in the lumber business.

Mrs. Frank Eliason, of Mt. Pleasant, spent a few days this week with Mrs. G. W. W. Naudain.

Mrs. Hopkins, of Bursville, spent a few days with her brother, Prof. W. B. Tharp, this week.

Archer Stites left town for Chicago, on Monday, after a few week's rest and recuperation at home.

Mr. Howard Turner, of Betterton, Md., is visiting in town this week, the guest of Dr. W. E. Barnard.

Rev. Mr. Galloway is the guest of Mr. William Taylor during his stay in town, which we hope will be a long one.

Rev. Fletcher Kane, of Summit Bridge, was in attendance upon the revival meetings at the M. E. Church on Thursday night.

Miss Annie Barnard has a very nice class in music at Cheswood, where she spends the greater part of her time every week teaching.

Mr. J. B. Vessick having rented the large store of W. H. Moore & Co., will move into it March 25, and will carry on even more of an extensive business than he has heretofore.

Miss Emma Wilson, the affable niece of Mrs. Griffith, who has been visiting in Middletown and vicinity, returned to the parental mansion at Georgetown yesterday morning.

E. J. Phelps, formerly of the Smyrna Record, but now of Erie, Pa., with Allen L. Burck, has purchased the Erie Sunday Press, the leading Sunday paper in that city. Mr. Phelps' many friends in this vicinity wish him abundant success in his new undertaking.—Clayton Call.

CHIEF JUSTICE ROBINSON.

GOVERNOR REYNOLDS MAKES THE APPOINTMENT ON THURSDAY.

Will Preside at the Superior Court of This County at Wilmington on Monday—How the Democrats Have Kept Their Promises. Counsel and Money to Back Officials Charged With Election Frauds.

DOVER, January 27, 1893.

The members of the State Legislature have become very conspicuous during the past week, and when they pass along our thoroughfares or are gathered in little knots about the hotels, they are eyed askance, and spoken of in whispers. It is needless to say that they are for all intelligent persons who watch the proceedings of that august body—the Delaware Legislature, an ready conjecture. It is all on account of the resolution authorizing the Governor to appoint counsel to defend men indicted before the United States Court for alleged violation of the Federal election laws at the last election. Whether the persons so indicted are guilty or not, the Legislature—the law-making body of the State—by this resolution endorses the action of the men accused of violating the laws. It is appalling to consider that the law makers should justify themselves as a class on a set of such partisan propensities. There were two men, however, who did oppose the move, but of what avail were Senators Pilling and Mullen's vote arrayed against an overwhelming majority.

It is said that since the passage of the resolution that there are some of the Democratic members, who are not seen about their familiar haunts and that they hide themselves behind their own doors when at home. Truly the present Delaware Legislature will go down in history as arrayed against honest elections, and ratifying all manners of fraud to gain party ends. Bayard's trip to Lakewood has been the main topic of conversation in the lobbies this week, and the friends of Delaware's once famous son—famous for what he did not know—have hopes that there is still some possibility of Mr. Cleveland again calling him to a seat in the Cabinet.

The judiciary question is at last settled, and both Chief Justice Comegys and Associate Justice Houston have resigned their seats on the bench, and will spend their few declining years in quietness and peace, away from the wrangle and turmoil of the court room.

Chief Justice Robinson who was appointed by Governor Reynolds on Thursday, is the son of Alfred P. Robinson, a successful lawyer of Sussex county, who died at Georgetown in 1866. His grandfather was Judge Peter Robinson, the first Sussex Associate Judge of the Superior Court at its organization in 1832. Thomas Robinson, the loyalist, who in 1775 was fined \$1000 and had his property confiscated by the Sussex county revolutionary committee because of his defection from the Whig cause, was the great-grandfather of the new chief justice. He was born at Georgetown, February 17, 1842. After receiving a good English education in the schools there he studied law with his father.

Soon after his admission to the bar in April, 1863 he became his father's partner. His success was marked from the first. After the death of the elder Alfred he continued alone the professional business of the firm. He stands in the front rank of the members of the bar in this State, being familiar with the processes and having large practice in the civil, criminal and chancery courts. He has a fine intellect and is devoted to his profession.

Politically the Chief Justice is a Democrat of the conservative type, and has never interested himself in politics for his own aggrandizement. In 1875 he was elected clerk of the State Senate, and later the same year was appointed deputy Attorney-General by Hon. John B. Pennington, then Attorney-General for the State. He is a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

ABRAHAM HAYDEN, JR.

Sad Death of a Prominent Democratic Politician.

After a lingering illness of several weeks, Abraham Hayden, Jr., died on Monday morning of gastric troubles, in his 48th year. He has been a sufferer for several months from an abscess of the bowels, and last Saturday week the attending physicians decided upon an operation whereby they hoped to remove the cause. A specialist from Philadelphia was summoned, the operation was successfully performed, and the patient seemed to be in a fair way to recover until Sunday evening, when he grew rapidly worse until death relieved his sufferings. Mr. Hayden had for several years resided at Taylor's Bridge, from which place he removed last spring. He was well known in this vicinity, being a prominent member of the Democratic party in his hundred, and one of the best auctioneers in this section. The funeral took place on Thursday morning and was largely attended. The services were held in Friendship M. E. Church.

BLAINE DEAD.

James G. Blaine is no more. He passed quietly into that long rest from which there is no returning until the judgment day, yesterday morning at 11 o'clock. The country will mourn the loss of one of its most favorite sons, who stood out prominently as the smartest statesman we have had. His work will live after him.

A PUBLIC MEETING.

To Discuss the Cost of Electric Light Plants and Their Operation.

Under the auspices of the Board of Trade, a public meeting will be held at their rooms on Friday afternoon next at 2 o'clock, to discuss the question of electric lights. At this meeting expert electricians, representing the Edison-Houston Electric Light Company, the Westinghouse Company, and the Edison Company, will be in attendance, and produce figures showing the cost of erecting and maintaining electric stations, the probable revenue derived from them, and the cost of light in other towns. It is desirable that all our taxpayers should attend this meeting and hear the discussion discussed pro and con. They will be able to vote intelligently upon these questions at the coming election on February 13.

ENDORING THE CHANDLER BILL.

A Series of Resolutions by Our American Boys.

At a regular meeting of Middletown Council, No. 2, Junior Order United American Mechanics on Monday evening, January 23rd, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Middletown Council, No. 2, Junior O. U. A. M., of Delaware, believes that the greatest and most imminent danger threatening our country today is unrestricted foreign immigration; and WHEREAS, We view with gravest apprehension and alarm the countless numbers, representing the fifth and sixth of humanity, the anarchist, the socialist, the criminal, that are daily being landed upon our shores, to tear down our public institutions and lower the standard of American citizenship the low and degrading level of their own, be it

Resolved, That as members of an organization of loyal and patriotic Americans, we petition you, the United States Senators and Representatives of the State of Delaware, in the name of God and our Country to use every honorable means to pass the Chandler bill now in the hands of your honorable body, and thus save our homes and firesides from the degradation that must surely follow the continuance of this evil, and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be furnished the United States Senators and Representative of Delaware, engrossed on the minutes of our Council, and furnished to the local press.

WALTER O. STACK, J. C. HILL, E. S. JONES, Committee.

A TRANSCRIPT HUSTLER.

F. M. Choate, of Newark, will enter the field as our canvasser next week. He is fully authorized to solicit subscriptions and general patronage for the TRANSCRIPT.

TRUSTEES MEETING.

Contracts Awarded for Furnishing Almshouse Supplies.

The trustees of the poor met at the almshouse yesterday morning. Superintendent Groves reported the inmates to be 64 white women, 11 children, white men 133, colored women 48, children 5, colored men 28. Total 259. Deaths 6, births 2. The Atlantic Refining Co. was awarded the contract for furnishing oil at 12 cents a gallon; J. L. French, chewing tobacco, 22 cents a pound; E. T. Dilworth, drugs, only bid was referred to a committee with power to act. Mutton, John W. Geary, fore quarters with 8 ribs 8 cents a pound; pork, Hart & Bro., shoulder 12 cents a pound.

Beef, W. G. Wilkins, fore quarters, 34; hind quarters, 44; shin, half cent a pound; bread to Spicer Baking Co., Marlinton, 24 cents a pound; shoes, E. K. Crawford, 85 and 95 for men's brogans, 30 and 25 for men's and women's carpet slippers; dry goods, W. B. Sharp & Co.

Public Sales.

Stock and farm implements of Charles Derickson, Feb. 22. Stock and farm implements of Jas. M. Vandegrift, near McDonough, Feb. 20.

Sale of stock and farm implements by J. P. Collins, near St. George's—A. Hayden, Auctioneer.

J. Nelson, 14 miles from Delaware City, Feb. 21. Stock and farm implements. A. I. Swan, Auctioneer.

Wm. H. Money, near Price's Corner, stock and farm implements, Feb. 17. D. C. Hutchinson & Co., Auctioneers.

JIM JONES, EDITOR.

JAMES WHITCOMB ELEY.

Jim Jones—he was an editor—that is, he tried to be. He bought himself a hand-press, an' he started in to see.

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DOROTHY'S ENGAGEMENT.

A LITTLE ROMANCE OF COUNTRY JOURNALISM.

BY FLAVERS SCOTT MINES

Copyright, 1933, by F. S. Mines. Frank Hastings came down to his office one Wednesday morning and found upon his desk thirteen copies of the Brightville Gazette. Being a man of no superstitions, he did not attach any premonition of ill-luck to the number, but on opening the first one he found a paragraph circled with a blue pencil-mark, and his brain clouded as he read:

It is understood that Mr. Frank Hastings, the popular young lawyer, is soon to wed Miss Dorothy Lawrence.

He read the paragraph over again, and then glanced at the remaining dozen papers, each addressed in a different hand.

"Confound it," he muttered, biting his under lip, while a tint of rose spread from ear to ear, "I'd like to know who did that. Probably the assine editor, who wants to run the planetary system and the people on this particular planet as well. Confound it!"

It was a serious matter to Mr. Hastings. He had gone to Brightville to study up his suits for the coming winter, and in the meantime had made love to Miss Lawrence. The positions were reversed shortly—that is, the law business occupied the meantime; finally there was no law business.

Then he returned to town and took up law again with the echo of a "no" ringing in his ears, a decision no, that had been repeated after an interval of twenty-four hours, and was evidently sincere. For six weeks after he had deserted the green country he devoted himself to law dry, dusty law that wouldn't let him forget his ideal by force of contrast. It was at the beginning of the seventh week that he found the papers on his desk.

"To thunder with all country editors," he growled, after a moment's thought, and then he suddenly decided to go to Brightville with a dim idea of thrashing the editor and then reporting to Miss Lawrence that he had done so. This decision received confirmation as he opened the first letter and found it to be congratulations from a mutual friend. Separating his business letters from those addressed in familiar characters, he threw the latter into his pocket, thinking to read them after he reached Brightville if he needed any additional stimulus to the undoing of the scribe and editor of that false journal.

The Brightville Gazette was the leading paper of Dunbar county—in fact the only one. It appeared every Saturday morning, and according to a reliable newspaper directory enjoyed a circulation of 650 copies, which estimate the editor and publisher declared to be false, though he never got the exact figures. Its columns contained a summary of everything that happened seven days previous to its issue, and in full times the editor resorted to fiction.

Mrs. Poindester was credited with a dinner she never gave and though the villagers were delighted with the account of a Barmecide feast, Mrs. Poindester was exceedingly wroth, being in mourning for a deceased (and wealthy) relative. When a full description of a card party at Mrs. Winthrop's was printed in the Brightville Gazette society was horrified and the worthy lady herself decidedly angry, for she never had a card (sneeze) inside her house.

The editor and proprietor—a certain Matthew Harkins—was highly pleased at the result of his fictions, for they sold more papers and furnished food to the polite inquisitors of society; and therefore, continuing in his evil ways, he brought out the disturbing paragraph on Mr. Hastings. The young man's attention had been noticed by the acute editor, and he reasoned that if the matter was not settled it ought to be the result being that Frank Hastings arrived at Brightville at 11 o'clock on Wednesday evening and put up at the one hotel in town.

The latter awoke little refreshed and full of wild ambition to see Mr. Harkins. It was an overpowering desire, but he curbed it in order to eat a little breakfast. As he sat at the table the hotel proprietor entered with that half-sliding step so suggestive of the feline race and peculiar to a hotel man.

"Good day, Mr. Hastings," was his greeting. "We are soon to lose one of our Brightville belles, I see." Brightville belle—luckily the potato was too hot to admit of an immediate and vehement disclaimer.

"I hope you are going to make your residence, for a portion of the year at least, in Brightville," continued Boniface, as he moved about. "We would miss you very much."

It is hard to say that the outcome would have been had not Hastings' good angel (in disguise) stood outside and called loudly for the proprietor, which summons he obeyed and left the young man alone.

"Is this the beginning?" mused that

love-smitten, press-ridden individual as he rose from the table. "Will every man I know come up and inspire me with murderous thoughts? Am I to be bounded and driven desperate because a five-cent newspaper prints a false item about my private affairs. I wish I had a supply of good old Arabian maledictions I could dispose of without injury to my conscience."

Then he went forth. A good cigar and the pleasant air restored his equanimity, and he didn't feel half as savage as he wanted. As he neared the office he saw Mr. Lawrence's light wagon standing before the door, and at that moment Mr. Lawrence himself emerged from the portals of the Gazette building.

"Hello, Frank," he called, cheerily, grasping the young man's hand. "On the same errand, I'll be bound. Never mind now, I've fixed it and there will be a denial on Saturday. Now get in here and I'll pick up your valise on the way to the house. We'll keep you for a few days now that you are here. Nonsense," he continued, as Hastings drew back. "You must come. We'll show these people that we don't care a rap what they say about us. They can deny the engagement, and at the same time say that you are spending your time at the Lawrence threshold. What better way could there be to stop the evil tongues? Come now, get in," and forthwith Hastings was hustled into the wagon. "It was not an enviable position—but yet, not so bad if she would understand."

"You were going to deny the report, eh?" asked Mr. Lawrence, suddenly, throwing a train of reflection off the track. "How did you hear about it?" "Exactly thirteen copies from thirteen considerate persons reached me yesterday morning," answered Frank, "so I deemed it advisable to come out, and if necessary, lick the editor."

Mr. Lawrence gave vent to a hearty laugh—then suddenly checked himself. "Frank," he said, "go in and wait I'll back you. She's a good girl but obstinate! You're bashful! Try it again!"

The young lady received him graciously. She was even glad to see him, he imagined, and when her father told of his blood-thirsty desire she laughed right merrily. But she was the same in her manner—evidently unchanged in her mind—and not even the proverbial straw came along. He sat opposite to her at lunch and discussed life with all the graphicness of an actual liver—whereas he had really only existed in a fly. He said lots about nothing. For a little while after lunch the proud man conquered, and then he grew so dull and gloomy that Miss Lawrence was obliged to flee from a prospective letter-writer and leave him to the tender mercies of her father, who took him out to look at the new chicken house.

They played tennis later on—with two dragons watching of every move. Mamma had been taken into confidence, and just against his will was forced into acting the part of a dragon—but he tried to sleep when mamma wasn't looking. Then they set upon the piazza after tea with the dragons in attendance—one as sleepy as usual and the other vigilant. As they parted for the evening, Frank announced his intention of returning home on the morrow. The old gentleman's objections had not the least effect upon him, though he would gladly have surrendered at a single word from Dorothy. Mrs. Lawrence, however, had something to say.

"No, Frank," was her remark, "it would be better to stay. We were going to Mrs. Poindester's to a tennis party to-morrow, and seeing you driving this morning she has sent word for you to come. I took the liberty of accepting for you. You can laugh all congratulations off and get ahead of the paper. People won't talk so much if you come with us instead of seeming to run away. If you should go now they might say something unpleasant."

Mrs. Lawrence put it very nicely, for there was not the least doubt but what they would gossip a great deal, and out of courtesy for his friends Frank thought he ought to stay.

"Thank you," he whispered Dorothy. That night he slept very little—thinking of the whisper. He arose early the next morning and sauntered to the edge of the lake just outside the grounds—where he met the person of his thought. Dorothy was seated in a boat, and greeting her, Frank got in and pushed out.

"I am an old fool," he said suddenly. "In what particular way?" she asked, looking at him.

Hastings laughed. "Oh, in coming to Brightville to see Mr. Harkins and then not seeing him. I did so long to get to him."

"Yes?" she answered, with a rising intonation. "Don't you think it just as well you met papa?"

"Of course," he assented, "otherwise I should not have been here, but—"

"Then you are not glad to be here—you would rather have seen Mr. Harkins?"

Frank looked at the girl, who was bending over the side of the boat running her hand through the water.

"What is the satisfaction of being here?" he asked, bitterly. "It is a continual misery, but I came for your sake, at your father's suggestion, to stop at the tongues of the people. I don't care what they say about me, but with you—with you it is different."

"Is it?" she replied, absently.

Frank was particularly astounded for the moment—then he dropped the oars and leaned over to the girl.

"Dorothy," he said, "Dorothy, was Harkins a prophet?"

About 11 o'clock that morning, Mr. Matthew Harkins was astounded to see Mr. Hastings and Miss Lawrence drive up to the office. He didn't exactly know what to think, but he determined to make the best of it.

"Good morning, Mr. Hastings," was the editor's greeting, as the young man entered.

"You have a paragraph which is to appear in the next issue of the Gazette contradicting your note of last week, I

believe," said the visitor, rather abruptly. "I have sir," said the man of ink and paste, "I—"

"You needn't print it, Mr. Harkins," replied Hastings preparing to go out, "we're going to be married."

SCISSORINGS.

"Water is cheap," observed Flim, "Yes," said Flam; "except when you have it put up in a prescription."

He—Great minds run in the same channel, Miss Effie. Miss Effie (innocently)—How do you know?—Detroit Free Press.

It is not what its proprietors say but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does that tells the story of its merit. Hood's Sarsaparilla CURES.

Jennie—"If he was pleased with the embroidered footstool I gave him why did he put it upon the man's bed?" Maud—"Oh because that is where he always puts his feet, dear."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Wife No. 1—"I had a quarrel with my husband to-day, and when we became friends again I was so glad that, in memory of our reconciliation, I actually went and planted a tree in our garden." Wife No. 2—"That's a good plan, and if I had only adopted it some time ago I'd have a large shrubbery at present."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Some people are wholly indifferent to the effect of the sudden changes in the physical condition of the atmosphere. Whether cold or warm, damp or dry, they will go out of doors without making any change in their apparel. The consequence is a heavy cold is contracted. Why would become of such foolish people without Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup?

Old Boreas and Jack Frost are worth more than a whole squad of policemen to clear out the corner loafers.

Without being slaugy it is perfectly correct to say that when a young man takes his best girl on the ice and she cannot skate, he will have to let her slide.—Cheston News.

Fox hunters who have headquarters in the saddle and at who might in riding horse-back for in "homing the ribbons" behind a stylish team, will doubtless be pleased to learn that Salvation Oil will readily heal saddle galls and sores from the collar and traces, so that the chafed animal need not have to stop work. It should be kept in every stable. 25 cents. At all dealers.

Murray Brown—"Aren't you positively ashamed to meet your creditors, Madison?" Madison Gall—"I don't meet them. Do you suppose I would associate with such people!"—Kate Field's Washington.

Caller—"What are you looking through that big pile of comic paper, for?" Exchange Editor (with a sigh of disappointment)—"For fun."—Chicago Tribune.

"When lovely woman stoops to folly," and goes out in the snow without her India rubbers, the only way to cure her cold is to buy one bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup at 25 cents, and take it.

"Speak this speech, as I tell you, trippingly on the tongue." Say that one of the great benefactions of the age is a small bottle of Salvation Oil the greatest cure on earth for pain. Only 25 cents.

Here's another case of kidnapping," said the messenger boy who found a comrade asleep.—Washington Star.

Good taste sanctions gorgeous liveries on servants. A downtown washwoman having heard this startling bit of information wears her husband's G. A. R. coat when she goes out to do the weekly washing at a Walnut street house.

It frequently turns out that nasal catarrh begins with influenza and ends with consumption. Old Sani's Catarrh Cure is the sure remedy for quickly driving it from the system. Price 25 cents.

Sleep and plenty of it must be had by the baby; and if its rest is broken or prevented by attacks of colic, stomach or bowel disorders, give it at once Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup, which will relieve the pain, induce refreshing slumber and consequent health.

Private theatricals (a rehearsal)—The captain—"At this stage of the proceedings I've got to kiss you, Lady Grace. Will your husband mind, do you think?" Lady Grace—"Oh no! It's for a charity, you know!"—Punch.

A girl should be as self-possessed as possible, but that ought not to interfere with her being possessed eventually by a suitable young man.—Somerville Journal.

Banana Peel on the sidewalk. The street car had passed, but to catch it he reckoned. So he ran like a deer, and shouted and beckoned.

"I'll be planted his heel On a smooth bit of pavement."

Then he saw half a million stars in a second.

He was in too great a hurry; better have waited for another car. There are cases, however, where haste is necessary. If you have night-sweats, feverishness, weak, sore lungs and hacking cough, do not lose an hour in obtaining a supply of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Delay in such cases is dangerous; it may be fatal. Before the disease has become too great progress, the "Golden Medical Discovery" is a certain cure. In fact, it is guaranteed to benefit or cure, or money paid for it promptly refunded.

The Testimonials Published on behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla are as reliable and as worthy your confidence, as if they come from your best and most trusted neighbor. They state only the simple facts in regard to what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done, always within truth and reason.

Constipation, and all troubles with the digestive organs and liver, are cured by Hood's Pills. Unequaled as a dinner pill.

Soprano—The ventilation of this church is just awful. Alto—Isn't it, though? Do you suppose that is the reason Mr. Thirdly has such difficulty in airing his views?—Indianapolis Journal.

Briggs—"Still got that Italian cook?" Braggs—"No. He put garlic in the mince pies and my wife concluded to let him go."—Indianapolis Journal.

Madge—"How did you discover that he was a boarder?" Hele—"Why, when I passed him the prunes he shuddered as though he had seen a ghost."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Mr. David M. Jordan of Edmeston, N. Y.

Colorless, Emaciated, Helpless A Complete Cure by HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.

This is from Mr. D. M. Jordan, a retired farmer, and one of the most respected citizens of Otsego Co., N. Y. "Fourteen years ago I had an attack of the liver and kidneys, and have since been troubled with my liver and kidneys."

gradually growing worse. Three years ago I got down so low that I could scarcely walk. I looked more like a corpse than a living being. I had no appetite and for five weeks I ate nothing but gruel. I was badly emaciated and had no more color than a marble statue. Hood's Sarsaparilla was recommended and I thought I would try it. Before I had finished the first bottle I noticed that I felt better, suffered less, the inflammation of the bladder subsided, the color began to return to my face, and I began to feel hungry. After I had taken three bottles I could eat anything without hurting me. Why, I got so hungry that I had to eat 3 times a day. I have now fully recovered, thanks to

Hood's Sarsaparilla. I feel well and am well. All who know me marvel to see me so well. D. M. JORDAN. Hood's Pills cured the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache and biliousness.

Best Made Clothing in Philadelphia.

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BLANKETS and ROBES are moving quite lively; having sold many more than usual, which speaks well for the prices. Come and see us. We are in a position to do you good. If not in need now, keep us in your mind and when you are open for the goods we will quote you the right prices. Have now some 400 sets, all styles and grades to select from. Prices range from \$6.50 to \$50.00. Both Hand and Machie Made. Hollinger and Moffat Leather.

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